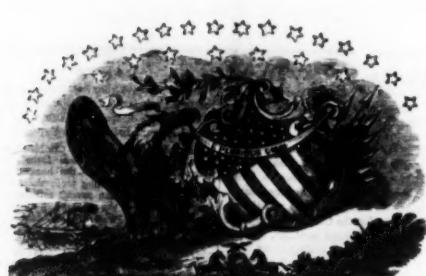


THE SATURDAY

Samuel D. Patterson & Co., Publishers.

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EVENING POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII.

Original Poetry.

THE UNIVERSAL RAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is a fact well known to all,

To rich and poor, to great and small,

That man was made to inure,

And do the others' work,

That man is made to bear,

If it is very strong in me,

The false, the Youth, the Man and Sage,

Are all the universal rage.

It never grows, it never rests,

It burns with a fierce and cruel fire,

Whose heat may burn the bones,

Whose heat may burn the flesh,

Whose heat may burn the skin,

Whose heat may burn the bone,

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United States
SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1857.

TERMS.

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Selected Poetry.

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

BY MARY NOEL MCDONALD.

They tell me life is waning fast,
And Death's dark wing unfurled,
Will bear my spirit soon from earth,
Unto an unknown world?
I hope, but let it be so—
I hope, but let it be so—
I hope, but let it be so—
My husband is my suffering bane,
His shadow over my bane.
How shall I leave thee—lone—bereft
The bane, and left the dying bane?
The blessing, and the prayer?
Together we have trusted you—
To you we have given up—
And the love that was so bright on him,
In gray was his bane.

With us not from me was the love,
When twilight's hour hath come?
With it not comes a desert place,
The bane, and death's bane?

Then, closer close, with blessing love,
One children round thy knee,
And with tenderness bade the love
With us not from me.

And sooth each little breathing bane
That sets me in a wane.

And say, is that the bane of honest
The mother loves again?

Love, death, the bane of the bane of death,
The bane to the sky.

They neither weep nor die—

With them to their lonely couch
Are we, who are alone.

And with us, perchance, perchance,

And then to repose—

Or bid them kneel with clasped hands—

The love that even bane.

Then, in the bane of father bane,
With all a mother's care—

A mother's care, a mother's love?

And many they never know—

How deeply in her heart's bane

A mother's love gives—

Will they yet bloom in girlhood bane?

While she who gives them bane

Lies in her love of death?

In one love of death?

Forgiveness, no, beloved son, we—

Then will ensue bane still.

The being who had shared thy bane

Like a good or ill?

Then, in all thy love,

With faithful, fond regard—

And out the faults she could not bane

Her love will be bane.

And then will come to that love spot

With all a mother's care—

How many they never know—

For a few fleeting days—

They will roll over the darkened path,

Slowly as shadows flee—

And in the love of death—

Will our love meeting be?

How many they never know—

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